Prince. Come hither *Francis.*

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. How long haſt thou to ſerue, *Francis*?

Francis. Forſooth fiue yeares, and as much as to

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone, anone ſir.

Prince. Fiue yeares; berlady a long leaſe for the chincking of Pewter: But *Francis*, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and ſhew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

Francis. O Lord ſir, Ile be ſworne vpon all the bookes in *England*, I could find in my heart.

Poines. Francis. *Francis.* Anone ſir.

Prince. How old art thou *Francis*?

Francis. Let me ſee, about *Michaelmas* next I ſhall be

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone ſir, pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay but harke you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gaueſt me, t'was but a penny worth, was not?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince. I will giue thee for it a thouſand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt haue it.

Poines. Francis. *Francis.* Anon, anone.

Prince. Anon *Francis*? No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*, or *Francis*, on thurſeday; or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt: But *Francis.*

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Chriſtall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke ſtocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spaniſh pouch?

Francis. O Lord ſir, who do you meane?

Prince. Why then your Browne baſtarde is your onelie drinke: for looke you *Francis*, your White canuaſſe doublet will ſulley. In *Barbary* ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Francis. What ſir; *Poines. Francis.*

Prince. Away you rogue, doſt thou not heare them call?

Here they both call him, the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to goe. *Enter Vintner.*

Vint.

Vint. What, ſtandſt thou ſ
looke to the Gheſtes within.
a dozen more, are at the dore
Prin. Let them alone awhi
Poines. Anone, anone ſir.
Prin. Sirra, *Faiſtaffe* and th
doore, ſhall we be merry?
Poin. As merry as Crickets
cunning match haue you ma
come, what's the iſſue?
Prin. I am now of al humo
humors, ſince the old daies o
age of this preſent Twelue a
clocke *Francis*?
Francis. Anone, anone ſir
Prin. That euer this fellow
a Parret, & yet the ſon of a W
and downe ſtaires, his eloquen
am not yet of *Percys* mind, th
kils me ſome 6 or 7. dozen of
hands, and ſayes to his wife,
worke. O my ſweet *Harry* ſaye
to day? Giue my Roan horſe a
ſome fourteene, an hour after:
Falſtaffe, Ile play *Percy*, and
Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Riuo*
call in Tallow.

Enter Fa

Poines. Welcome *Iacke*, whe
Falſ. A plague of all cowar
marry & Amen: giue mea cu
life long, Ile ſow neather ſtock
too. A plague of all cowards; C
there no vertue extant?
Prin. Didſt thou neuer ſee T
full hearted *Titan* that melted
thou didſt, then behold that co

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